

The

Alcester Grammar



M.D.C.

NOBISCUM

CHRISTUS

STATE.

School Record

December, 1937.

Alcester Grammar School Record.

No. 58

DECEMBER, 1937.

EDITOR—MR. V. V. DRULLER.

COMMITTEE—

D. HUNT, A. JENKINS, PARSONS, HUNT i.

Editorial.

As this is the first issue of a new school year, and as there will be a number of readers buying a RECORD for the first time, this seems a good opportunity to call attention to the aims of our magazine. It is not produced for the purpose of making a profit: a school magazine is rarely able to do that, with its limited circulation and the comparatively high cost of production. In our own case, thanks to the steady support of scholars, both past and present, we are now just able to pay our way. We hope that those who are new to the school this term will one and all support the RECORD. We try to sell a magazine each term to one member of each family, so that the RECORD may go into every home.

Our aim in issuing our magazine is a twofold one. In the first place, it is to provide a record term by term of the main events in connection with the school itself and of the activities of Old Scholars. In the second place, it is to encourage those who like to write to express themselves in print to the interest of other members of the school. Contributions are welcomed from scholars of all ages and also from Old Scholars. Recently we have adopted the practice of illustrating our magazine with linocuts, the work of present and past scholars. Thus an opportunity is given to those with ability in art to show what they can do.

So once again we appeal to all to give their support by buying a RECORD each term. In addition to helping our magazine to maintain its existence, supporters will have obtained a complete record of what has happened at school. A few years' RECORDS bound together make a volume which is always full of interest to scholars, and not least to those who have entered school as new pupils this term.

* * * *

Considerations of space prevent us from saying much more. Another term is almost at an end. It opened with a long period

of dry and, for autumn, unusually warm weather, accompanied by a mild epidemic of colds and coughs, which interfered somewhat with the attendance. Then followed a month of which our main recollection seems to be fog, fog, fog, with temperatures at times strangely high. As we write, December has brought a marked fall in temperature. The first flakes of snow have been seen, and our thoughts are turning to the holidays which will so soon be here, bringing Christmas, with its bright fires and its gaiety. The Editor and the committee send their greetings and best wishes to all readers.

School Register

Valete.

- | | |
|--------------------------------------|---------------------------------------|
| *Bayne, P. J. (VI.), 1929-37. | Stewart, J. M. (Low V.), 1932-37. |
| *Biddle, R. B. (VI.), 1931-37. | Wright, A. A. (Low V.), 1936-37. |
| *Hewlett, D. O. (VI.), 1930-37. | Boylin, M. M. (Upp. IV.), 1934-37. |
| *Rowles, M. J. (VI.), 1928-37. | Bullock, D. (Upp. IV.), 1934-37. |
| *Smith, C. R. B. (VI.), 1931-37. | Collett, J. W. (Upp. IV.), 1934-37. |
| *Yapp, D. A. (VI.), 1929-37. | Moore, A. D. (Upp. IV.), 1935-37. |
| Cowper, M. J. (Upp. V.), 1933-37. | Spencer, G. H. (Upp. IV.), 1934-37. |
| Findon, M. V. (Upp. V.), 1936-37. | Styler, G. R. T. (Upp. IV.), 1934-37. |
| Gaydon, R. H. (Upp. V.), 1931-37. | Stevens, G. L. (Low. IV.), 1934-37. |
| *Houghton, P. (Upp. V.), 1932-37. | Clarke, B. D. (iii), 1936-37. |
| Lea, A. H. (Upp. V.), 1932-37. | Hughes, E. P. (iii), 1933-37. |
| Sherwood, C. M. (Upp. V.), 1931-37. | Orme, E. R. (iii), 1935-37. |
| Taylor, A. F. (Upp. V.), 1932-37. | Naylor, P. S. (Rem.), 1934-37. |
| Battersea, E. J. (Low. V.), 1934-37. | Stevens, V. M. (Rem.), 1934-37. |
| Sollis, E. (Low. V.), 1931-37. | Vereker, S. M. M. (Rem.), 1934-37. |

* Prefect.

Salvete.

- | | |
|----------------------------|----------------------------|
| Arnold, R. H. (iii). | Hunt, B. F. (i). |
| Bradley, J. M. (iii). | Jobson, M. E. (iii). |
| Bryan, C. H. (iii). | Kessey, E. J. (iii). |
| Bull, N. C. (iii). | Lee, R. F. (iii). |
| Careless, M. A. (iii). | Lucas, A. L. (iii). |
| Chatterley, P. G. (iii). | Mason, R. E. B. (iii). |
| Danks, J. R. (iii). | Moizer, B. M. E. J. (iii). |
| Edkins, R. J. (Low. IVb.). | Nall, E. M. (iii). |
| Figures, G. H. (Upp. V.). | North, B. E. (iii). |
| Freeling, R. M. (iii). | Ore, A. G. R. (iii). |
| Garner, L. M. (iii). | Peel, A. (Rem.). |
| Glover, R. J. (Low. V.). | Plesters, R. J. (iii). |
| Godwin, J. M. (iii). | Wilkes, G. R. (iii). |
| Goodall, M. E. (iii). | Wilson, K. M. (iii). |
| Harris, P. M. J. (i). | Yapp, D. A. (iii). |
| Hunt, R. J. (iii). | |

There have been 203 pupils in attendance this term.

Old Scholars' Guild News.

PRESIDENT—Mr. C. T. L. Caton.

HON. SECRETARY—S. Styler. HON. TREASURER—L. G. Baylis.

Large numbers of Old Scholars attended the Summer Reunion, which was held at School on Saturday, July 24th. In the afternoon a cricket match was played with the School XI and ended in a victory by 163 (for 4) to 136. The Old Scholars' team consisted of:—D. Baylis (Capt.), K. Bailey, J. Chambers, K. Grubb, L. Baylis, P. Wheeler, R. Hunt, W. Savage, H. Hill, G. Keniston, L. Hodgetts. Concurrently with the cricket and extending also into the evening, an American Tennis tournament was staged, the finalists being B. Oliver and B. Hodgkinson, and F. Sore and C. Luker, the latter pair proving the winners. Other games, such as Darts, Table Tennis, Clock Golf and Croquet were arranged for those who wished to play.

A three-course supper, consisting of Grape Fruit, Ham, Tongue and Salads, and Ices, was served in the Hall, and this innovation proved a most successful one, taking the place, as it did, of the sandwich meal formerly partaken of in the dining room.

During the interval the business meeting took place, at which the officers for the year 1937-38 were elected. The appointments were as follows:—President, Mr. Caton; Hon. Secretary, S. Styler; Hon. Treasurer, L. G. Baylis; Committee members, R. Smith, P. Wheeler, W. Foster, to represent the Great Alne, Alcester and Studley districts respectively; Games' captains, J. Harper and E. Chattaway. A vote of thanks was extended to C. H. Baylis, the retiring treasurer, for his valuable services rendered to the Guild.

It was unanimously agreed that the Guild should present the School with a Shield to replace the one already filled. The cost of this will be approximately £10. Will Old Scholars wishing to make a contribution, however large or small, please send it to L. G. Baylis, Whitehall, Alcester.

After supper, coffee was served by the committee in the "Palm Lounges," which had been tastefully arranged by Freda Sore. Dancing was continued in the hall until midnight, when the curtain was drawn upon yet another Reunion by the singing of "Auld Lang Syne" and the National Anthem.

Congratulations to C. H. Baylis on obtaining his B.A. degree with First Class Honours in History at Keble College, Oxford.

Also to J. Lane, who gained Third Class Honours in Modern Greats at St. Hilda's College, Oxford.

The annual Winter Reunion has been arranged for Saturday, December 18th. It will be held, as usual, at School, and will take the form of a Christmas Social, with games, dancing, musical items, etc.

In a hockey match with the School, played on Friday, November 12th, the Old Scholars were successful by five goals to nil. They were represented by E. Holder, R. Bunting, J. Harper, L. Heath, E. Clark, M. Clark, M. Cowper, G. Ainge, J. Collett, M. Bomford, E. Lewis.

A dance will take place in the Town Hall on Friday, December 31st, from 8.30 p.m. to 2 a.m.; tickets 3s. single, and 5s. 6d. double. The music will be provided by Doug. Alcock and his band. There will be surprise items at midnight. All Old Scholars and friends are cordially invited.

A suggestion that the Guild should organise an Old Scholars dinner and dance at School on Saturday, March 12th, has been considered by the committee. A five-course dinner could be served hot for the low charge of 10s. 6d., excluding wines. An attempt would be made to secure a prominent speaker, and a good dance band would be procured. Will all Old Scholars who wish to express an opinion on the proposal either communicate with the Secretary or come along to the Re-union when the matter will be discussed.

Births.

On July 9th, to Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Rook—a daughter.

On November 27th, to Mr. and Mrs. S. Baylis—a daughter.

Marriages.

On July 24th, at Coughton, Hubert Ross to Mabel Mary Duxbury (scholar 1928-33).

On July 31st, at Great Alne, Harry Stanley Rawlings (scholar 1921-24) to Gladys Benfield.

On August 14th, at Inkberrow, Colin Curnock Grey (scholar 1920-22) to Edna Pickup.

On September 13th, at Wixford, Charles Guillaume (scholar 1918-25) to Dorothy Fancote.

On September 21st, at Grafton, Aubrey James Horniblow (scholar 1914-16) to Iris Langston.

On October 23rd, at Salford Priors, Hubert Collins to Olive Nina Hansell (scholar 1922-26).

On October 30th, at Birmingham, William Ring to Marjorie Helen Davis (scholar 1921-31).

Death.

On July 28th, Patricia Elizabeth Disley, aged 6 years.

Another Grumbler.

The Autumn Term is drawing to a close. Heralded by blazers, raincoats, football boots and hockey sticks, it proceeds in all its glory of epidemics, draughts and velvet hats. Now cyclists arrive for morning school with red noses, and what is generally known as "the pipes"—otherwise the central heating system of A.G.S.—emits weird noises at irregular intervals. There seem twice as many doors in the school as there were last Term, but most of the scholars seem to take an immediate dislike to doors, and show this by simply ignoring them. Members of the Grand Order of Radiator-Huggers emerge from their summer quarters, and occupy every available source of warmth. Desks anywhere near radiators or hot water pipes are at a premium, while those near windows and doors become distinctly unpopular. Yes, the Autumn term is full of incident.

Perhaps the most exciting days are those when it rains. Pupils arrive at school drenched, and some of them, especially the girls, appear in some very strange costumes. In between classes, members of the Staff can be seen "bolting for cover" towards the main school door, while the erstwhile dignified members of the Sixth Form simply take to their heels. The younger spirits in the school love wet days. At least, judging by the noise they manage to make all day long, a wet day is a day for great rejoicing. Proof of this hilarity can be found in any class-room

between the hours of 1.30 and 2.0 p.m. Conversationalists shriek at each other from different corners of the room (why can't they get together to discuss their History questions and Algebra ?), while those who miss their exercise in the playground take it in the form of energetic leaping from desk to desk. The assembling room at a motor car factory is calm and peaceful as compared with this !

School in winter is an alternation between windows open and windows closed ; blazers on and blazers off ; thermometers up and thermometers down. Seasons change—so does the temperature at A.G.S. ! We sit and shiver with a North wind blowing down our necks through one period, then in the next our feet are benumbed by a draught, cutting like a knife, under the door. We arrive in the classroom, pink and perspiring, after a game, and sit looking at the playing field through cracks in the wall. Then, mysteriously, epidemics begin to sweep through the school. One by one the members of the school disappear from our midst to languish in bed, while their form mates secretly rejoice in the fact that, with only forty per cent. of the form present, work is inevitably held up, and then, heigh-ho ! for noughts and crosses. But when members of the Staff, having endured several days of sneezing, losing their voices, and such like entertainments at last yield to Old Man Influenza, that grand old game of noughts and crosses really comes into its own. Page after page of perfectly good School paper is adorned with these strange marks of the Order, with other decorations, which have the name, hot from Hollywood, of “Doodles.”

In spite of all these trials of the winter term, however, there is one great consolation, for it is then that the various societies in the School awake to life once more. The Debating Society, the Stamp Club, the Musical Society, all come into their own. Tea is often taken at School, and in the dining-room those in authority have to look to the sugar. The importance of those who can operate an epidiascope (“Magic lantern” to all but those initiated into the mysteries of science) increases a hundred-fold, especially if they can project pictures the right way up.

On the whole, the Winter term has just as many compensations as the Summer term, with its cricket, tennis, sports, and, of course, examinations. We do not object to it as much as we would have you believe, and after all (as some member of the School once remarked brightly) we must have *something* to grumble about.

P. R. H.

Notes and News.

The head boy is Parsons, and the head girl D. Hunt.

Prefects this term are :—(*Seniors*), Parsons, Gray, Lewis, D. Hunt, G. Stone, P. Horseman; (*Juniors*), Avery, Baylis, Shrimpton, E. Hawkins, D. Gale, D. Ison and A. Jenkins.

Gray is Football captain, D. Hunt Hockey captain.

The Sides captains are :—*Brownies*, D. Hunt and Shrimpton; *Jackals*, D. Ison and Gray; *Tomtits*, M. Woodward and Baylis.

On Wednesday, July 21st, a party of the Lower Fifth, with Mr. Caton and Miss Weatherup visited the Birmingham Art Gallery.

At the closing assembly on Tuesday, July 27th, the award of cricket bats and tennis racquets was made. The bat for seniors was presented to Avery, that for juniors to Allen. The recipient of the racquet for seniors was M. Cowper, while K. Pellman received that for juniors.

The girls' tennis tournament was held on Monday, July 26th.

In the afternoon of July 27th, Her Majesty Queen Mary visited Ragley Hall and afterwards drove through Arrow into Alcester. A party of members of the school lined the drive inside Ragley Park, and gave rousing cheers as the royal car drove slowly by.

This term we welcome Miss Powell, who has succeeded Miss Woodward as English mistress, and Mrs. Adams, who has taken charge of the girls' physical training and games.

During the summer holidays, the decorators were busy in the school buildings, concentrating their attention upon the corridor and staircase and the Art Room. Our eyes are by now growing accustomed to the new colour scheme.

"Shell"—the new form which was introduced last year—has now disappeared. This year we have two parallel Lower Fourths, known as Lower IVa and Lower IVb.

On Friday, September 24th, Mr. E. C. Francis, B.B.C. Regional Education Officer, visited school to listen with the Sixth to a broadcast talk, and to obtain their opinion on the talk to report to the B.B.C.

On Thursday, September 30th, a lantern lecture on British Columbia, was given by Mr. G. A. Lundie, who was formerly a schoolmaster there.

D. Gwynne-Jones, who was for some time an active member of the magazine committee, is now editor of "The Friar," the magazine of Friern Barnet G.S., where he is an assistant master. We wish him success in his new undertaking.

On Saturday, November 6th, a small party visited Oxford with Mr. Caton, Miss Deans and Miss Evans, and were conducted round the colleges by W. Sherwood.

Our congratulations to M. Rowles on obtaining a school-leaving Scholarship. We were pleased to learn, too, that Perrott, a former scholar, had also obtained one of these scholarships.

Half term holiday was on Monday, November 1st. The following day was added to the holiday in recognition of M. Rowles' success.

Football colours have been awarded to Avery, Shrimpton and Whitehouse.

D. O. Hewlett has been granted an Agricultural Scholarship by the Worcestershire C.C. He has proceeded to the Midland Agricultural College at Loughborough.

On Friday, November 26th, a collection, amounting to £2 14s. 4d. was taken on behalf of Midland Societies for the Blind.

Mr. B. V. Jervis-Read is the examiner appointed to conduct the examinations in Music, to be held at school on Thursday, December 9th.

On the following day, the Christmas recital to the Musical Society will be given by Miss Mary Willetts.

The two minutes silence was observed, as usual, on Armistice Day.

We wish to acknowledge the gift to the Reference Library by D. Gwynne-Jones of a biography of Turenne.

Also of the following volumes presented by M. Woodward : "The Industrial Revolution" (Toynbee); "England in the Nineteenth Century" (Oman); "The Penal Laws" (Willington); "Town Study" (Penstone); "Jeremiah, Ezra and Nehemiah: an analysis" (Hughes and Johnstone); "From Serf to Ruler."

On Friday, December 3rd, members of the Preparatory Department, with Mr. Caton and Miss Weatherup, attended a matinee exhibition of the film, "The Elephant Boy," at the Palace Theatre, Redditch.

Term ends on Friday, December 17th.

In Europe.

By no means the least instructive thing to be learnt by going abroad is that nowhere in Europe is there a more simple-minded and at the same time ill-mannered race of compulsorily educated people than our own. The fact is well known, so there is no need to labour the point, though its full significance is not apparent until one watches the French swindle money out of unsuspecting simpletons who have come 'abroad' for their holidays and who go back to suburbia attributing their misfortunes to the rascality of foreigners instead of to their own gullibility and lack of wit. In contrast, the Bavarians, Austrians, Czechs, Hungarians are charming and intelligent people, while even in the north the Danes and Swedes are by no means inhospitable, though Denmark and Sweden are pagan lands or soon will be. Those who know no better ascribe the distinction to our climate, our insular position and so on.

Of the two rivers in Europe, I prefer the Danube on account of the variety of scenery and interest which it presents, for in the case of the Rhine there is little besides the falls in Switzerland, the gorge in Germany and one or two bridges in Holland. The latter river is somewhat overrated, doubtless as a result of the attractive description the travel agents give to those who patronise such organisations. That part of the Danube called the Wachau, between Linz and Vienna approximately, is equally as pretty as the Rhine gorge, while the falls at Schaffhausen cannot be compared with the Kasan Narrows or the rapids at the Iron Gate where the river passes between the Transylvanian Alps and the Balkans. One of the finest buildings on the Danube

is the cathedral and residence of the Prince Primate of Hungary at Gran. It stands high above the town and can be seen for many miles from both upstream and downstream. There is an island of interest in the lower part of the Danube, which is called Ada Kahleh, and though it is now Rumanian territory it is inhabited by Turks owing to the fact that it was completely overlooked at the Treaty of Vienna and remained a Turkish possession up to a few years ago. The inhabitants make Turkish Delight and cigars.

I prefer Munich to most cities, and it is not unnatural that the Bavarians still regard it as their capital, for not only is it the cultural centre of south Germany, but its social life is so unaffected and unconstrained and the people so high-spirited, that it is not to be wondered at that the inhabitants of the south pay no more than a formal and purely political allegiance to Berlin and its alien culture. Munich's most typical institution is the Hofbrauhaus and it is undoubtedly its most popular one, for in countries more enlightened than our own it is considered neither vulgar nor wicked to drink beer. Vienna is full of beggars, though it still retains some of its former lightheartedness even though it is tinged with a certain sadness which is characteristic of the Austrians. There are still plenty of shell marks from the troubles of a few years ago about which the English Labour newspapers told such foolish tales. Belgrade is not an attractive place, while Sofia is more like a provincial market town than a capital. Like all Bulgaria, it is unsophisticated and almost primitive; only Bulgarian is spoken, though French is a semi-official language, used in railway timetables and on the boats. Incidentally, the railway people in Bulgaria are a very easy-going lot, for except on the main line, it is customary for the trains, particularly the night expresses, to stop at any small station the driver thinks fit and for the stationmaster to be knocked up and caused to provide refreshments, generally bread and cheese. If the engine driver has made a happy choice, honey can be obtained and Balkan honey is well worth getting out of a warm train for, even though one has to eat it by candle light in a kitchen that is neither clean nor warm.

One can catch a boat from Varna and go across the Black Sea to Constantinople through the Bosphorous. The best time to go through the straits is in the early morning, but the finest view of the city itself is had when approaching it at sunset, when the mosques of Istambul and the tower in Pera are silhouetted against a red sky. I imagine that Constantinople is



THE TIGER

A. JERRINS.

no less busy than it used to be, even though the government is now at Ankara; the Golden Horn and the Bosphorous are congested with small boats as well as larger ships bound to and from the Black Sea ports. The city itself is squalid and is infested with cats which apparently make life unpleasant for the dogs. Asiatic Turkey is an uninteresting land.

Of the other capitals, Copenhagen is a very pleasant city, Berlin somewhat grim, while Brussels is almost as English as London. When in Brussels last I was persuaded to try a beverage called gueuze which is a kind of beer that can only be made in certain cellars in the centre of the city owing to the fact that in these cellars there is a bacillus which ferments the liquor in a peculiar manner. The whole process takes, I believe, two or three years, and at the end of that time the product tastes like vinegar. The old people in Brussels drink a lot of gueuze, the 'best' brand of which is to be had at an estaminet appropriately called, 'At the Sign of Sudden Death.' Prague, like Budapest, is at its best at night, and the floodlighting of Budapest is one of the most magnificent sights in Europe. Budapest is the only place where the Danube is blue, and only on a fine day there.

I would have liked to visit Italy when I was last in Austria, but I feared that I should be *persona non grata* there, as it was at the time of that country's African venture when England was looking after her own interests in Africa while the professional politicians talked humanitarian nonsense to those to whom they owe their jobs in a successful attempt to persuade the simple souls that their government had the interests of humanity at heart.

There are many other interesting things in Europe, monuments, churches and so on, which are all described in the guide-books. There is a particularly amusing monument in Koblenz which was originally erected to commemorate Napoleon's entry into Moscow, but underneath the inscription there is a second legend as follows, 'Vue et approuvée par nous, commandant russe de la ville de Coblenz, le 1er janvier 1814.' There is another monument connected with the downfall of the same soldier, near Leipzig where he fought the battle of the Nations.

Finally, and for what the observation is worth, I point out that I have always found German a much more useful language than French in most parts of Europe.

G. T. COLEGATE.

Olla Podrida.

An antiquarian, A.G.R.O. informs us, is a place where they keep fishes.

A fashion note. "The girl was wearing her hat at an angle of a hundred and eighty degrees," remarks I.I.

New facts are always coming to light. From R.F.L. we now learn that 'mentals expand when heated.'

Translation made easy. *Horum eram conscius*, says P.H., means "for an hour I was conscious."

If you wish to discover houses with "back daws," consult J.H.

From an Upper Fourth composition. "We stopped at Wells to see the Cathedral. It is very old, and on the outside are a lot of niches in the stonework, where there are statues of saints. There are many niches empty, ready for more saints." Here is a great opportunity for our ambitious readers !

English as she is read : "The quiver rattleth against him ; the glittering spear and the shield he swalloweth." Reader D.I.

Puddings.

No one, as far as I know, has ever written a poem to a pudding. The subject evidently has no romantic appeal. Pigs have been eulogised in more than one essay ; politicians figure daily in the news ; but puddings, never. It is a pity, for they are of universal interest.

You have only to partake of the much-criticised school dinner to realize how greatly puddings really matter. Even before the first course is served people on all sides are asking, "What's for pudding ?" and the enthusiasm shown by certain small members of the community when rice is announced is almost incredible. They return eagerly for a second helping and would have a third if they could. This peculiar enthusiasm must be a phenomenon confined to A.G.S., for everywhere else you hear, "What ! Rice pudding again ?" But even a rice pudding can be a masterpiece. Cannot you imagine the satisfaction of the cook when she brings her work out of the oven, nicely browned on top, white and creamy beneath ? It means as much to her, and to many other people besides, as "Paradise Lost" meant to Milton, or the Mona Lisa to da Vinci.

There is nothing like a good pudding to put a man in a satisfied and easy frame of mind for the rest of the day, or a bad one to make him thoroughly irritable. You might even say that the greatness of a nation depended on its puddings. . . . At least they may have done much to account for the proverbial good humour of the British race. Foreigners may complain at the continual roast-beef and half-cold potatoes; they forget the Yorkshire pudding which is the making of that dish. French housewives may spend hours making a dainty sweet; but what fortifies the British workman for his Saturday afternoon football match better than a steaming treacle pudding?

Finally, can you imagine Christmas without its plum pudding? For weeks beforehand there has been much excitement over this important item, which cannot be completed without much stirring on the part of every member of the household. The variety of its ingredients is a source of wonder to the novice, and a sharp watch has to be kept on those younger members of the family who upset all their harassed parent's calculations by making off with a handful of currants after they have been weighed. But at last the precious pudding is tied up in its basin and partly boiled, then put away until Christmas day itself.

On that great occasion, the climax of the Christmas dinner arrives when the pudding is borne in, surrounded by blue flames and crowned with holly, and when amid great excitement each person searches carefully in his portion for any threepenny bit or miniature thimble that may have found its way in. Picture this scene, and consider how worthy of attention and interest are puddings. They should not be neglected by the Muses. It remains only for me to hope that some poet among our readers will be inspired to contribute a poem on this lofty subject of puddings to the next issue of the A.G.S. Record. H. D. H.

A Happy Morning.

This is the recipe for a happy morning :—

Two small children, (be sure that they are good ones!);
Two wooden pails;
Two spades, (wood or metal);
One Sea.
One sandy beach, (not too many pebbles);
One dozen sea-shells (more or less);
One Sun.
Two Sun bonnets, or broad brimmed hats;
One mother or nurse, (within calling distance);
Starfish and sea-urchins to taste:

Mix spades with the sandy beach, and season well with star-fish. Add sun-bonnets to the children; when thoroughly united, add wooden pails. Spread the sun and sea on the beach and sprinkle thoroughly with sea-urchins and sea-shells. Add children, and mix well, and then bake as long as advisable.

N.B.—Do not add the mother at all, except in case of necessity.

C. STANLEY.

In a Tin Mine.

Although the Cornish tin mines are now unimportant, producing only about one thousand five hundred tons of tin a year, tin was imported from Cornwall long before the Christian era. In fact the British Isles were known as the Cassiterides, or tin islands. So important was tin, that for hundreds of years the tin mine areas of Cornwall had their own laws, customs and organisations, and the ancient office of lord warden of the Stannaries exists to this day. Up to the end of the nineteenth century, Cornwall produced about ten thousand tons of tin a year, a good proportion of the world's tin supply. But of later years, Malaya has supplied the greater proportion of the world's tin. After the war in 1918 the majority of the few remaining Cornish tin mines closed down throwing many miners out of work. To-day however, with the ever-increasing demand by armament manufacturers for tin and other metals such as tungsten, which is found with tin, many of the mines of Redruth and Cambourne have again been opened up.

During the summer holidays while on a visit to Cornwall, my friend and I had the good fortune to come into contact with a Cornishman, who, having heard of our wish to see more of the mines than the surface workings, kindly offered to "get us down one." Naturally overjoyed by the thoughts of such a trip, we accepted, and a few days later received a message to say that we were to call on the surface manager of the South Crofty Metallic Mine, situated at Illogan, near Redruth, at nine o'clock the following morning.

The surface manager, who was waiting for us, wasted no time in handing us over to the charge of a mining engineer. The miner, a jovial young fellow, equipped us with coats, hats and miners' lamps; these lamps are very similar to the ordinary acetylene bicycle lamps, but smaller, and, unlike those used by coal miners, have a naked flame, which gives a surprisingly brilliant light. Then the miner led the way past crushing mills and arsenic bins to the shaft-head. After a short wait, a cage came up containing a load of tin ore which was taken nearly to

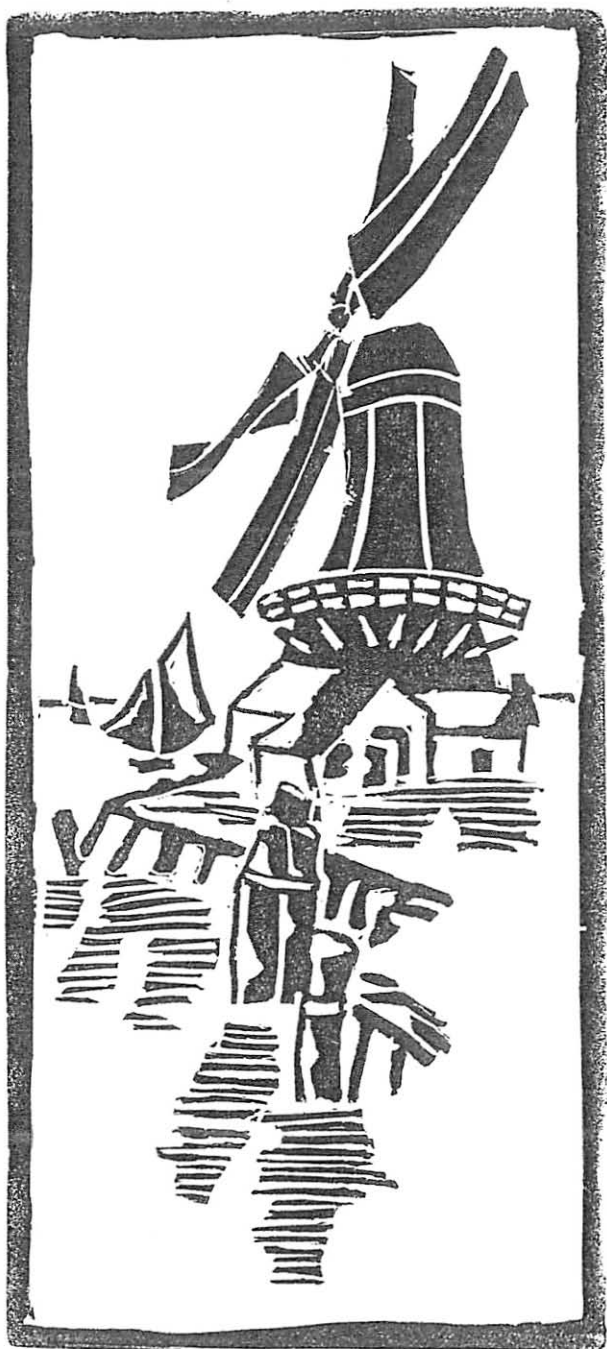
the top of the derrick and tipped down a chute. The cage now empty, began to descend and stopped at ground level for us to climb in, then at a word from the miner a bell clanged and down we sped.

Down, down, down we went, until the top of the shaft appeared merely a faint dot above us, and then—darkness. Our next move was to light the lamps which we carried, and by the illumination afforded we were able to examine the cage and the sides of the shaft. The cage was an iron “bucket,” rectangular in shape, measuring roughly four feet by three feet by five feet deep, slung by means of a huge “handle” from a steel cable. To keep the cage from swinging, it is fixed between wooden slides. The sides of the shaft are practically unsupported being cut in solid granite and, as we went further and further down, the rock became moist and eventually water began to spot on to our hats and coats. The atmosphere also seemed suddenly to change, becoming much hotter.

At last the cage came to a standstill, and we alighted to find ourselves in an underground room from which a tunnel was cut. This was the “245” drive, and here we had our first glimpse of miners working. A hefty fellow was splitting, by means of a sledge hammer, huge blocks of granite over an iron grating, through which the small pieces of granite fell on to a chute, and from here it was loaded into the cages. Then came our first shock, for suddenly it seemed as if the earth had split, there was a terrific roar and the rock above us and under our feet trembled violently. Our guide explained that blasting operations were in progress.

For the next hour we were confined to the stuffy, hot atmosphere of the mine. The pumping and ventilation systems were fully explained and the method of blasting, which is done by making a “cross-cut” between two main drives and then blasting away the rock on each side of the cross-cut in step formation, leaving pillars of granite reinforced with concrete to support the roof which in some cases was as much as a hundred feet high.

We wandered round the mine for some time talking to several of the miners. From them we learnt several facts concerning the working conditions of the tin miners, such as their wages, which vary from about two to three pounds a week for the working miners, more, of course, being received by the foremen. We also learnt that, although very few accidents occur through roof falls and explosive gases, as in coal mines, the tin miners die early owing to powdered granite collecting on their lungs.



THE WINDMILL *M. Woodward*

At length our guide led us back to the cage, and very soon we were speeding on our way to the surface. When we stepped out of the cage, the bright sunlight streaming down on the pit-head made it impossible for us to see properly for several seconds, and for the first time we realized why we had been supplied with overalls. We were covered from head to foot with red mud!

Another hour was spent touring the surface workings which were no less interesting than the mine itself. We were shown over crushing mills, where the granite is crushed to a powder, and then into another building, where the tin is separated from the rock. Finally we were shown samples of tin and other minerals, chiefly consisting of tungsten with a small quantity of copper. We also discovered, that although Cornwall is now not supplying much of the world's tin, the South Crofty mines are the world's largest arsenic mines.

F. J. H.

A Day's Outing.

I am gazing out of the window on the little group of happy children playing below. The sun is shining, the birds are singing, and the wind is moaning softly. But I do not heed them—for I am living in the past, yes, living again through that first wonderful day I spent in Switzerland, waking again that summer morn to gaze in delight, in that far away bedroom that was mine for those few short days, on the quaint dressing table, the dainty little reading lamp and the soft velvety curtains. I remember I dressed quickly, and throwing open the windows took my first view of Switzerland, drinking the morning air and gazing with longing eyes at those beautiful mountains far away in the distance.

I knocked at my parents' door and wished them "good-morning." Later we all went down to breakfast together, wondering what surprise our guides had in store. We were soon to know, for we were told we were going on the "Three Pass Tour." Excitedly we gulped our breakfast, and seizing our hats and coats rushed with the rest of the party to the waiting charabanc of a hundred and ten horsepower.

On and on we sped, through wonderful valleys and towering mountains, covered with gorgeous Alpine flowers woven together like a patchwork quilt. Soon we reached Attdorf, that quaint old town where lived William Tell, who had to shoot the apple

off his son's head as a punishment for not bending his knee to the tyrant Gessler, (the story so stirringly told by Schiller in his drama). Later William slew Gessler, and the Swiss were no longer under the Austrian rule.

Next we reached Trieb and saw the oldest chalet in the world. And so on to Wassen where we stopped for coffee, admiring the quaint little houses and cobbled streets. Then we returned to the cars and set out to climb higher and higher, round those thrilling hairpin bends, up and up, till we came to the Furkha pass. Here we had lunch in the cosy rooms of a hotel and watched the snow glisten and wink in the sunshine, as we listened to the yodlers who were entertaining us.

After lunch we had a snowball fight. But soon I stood out, for the snow was cold, and I had had none too small a helping. Suddenly my peaceful musings were violently shattered. I was seized by strong arms, and I felt snow, icy cold snow, pressed in my nose and mouth, I heard a loud voice saying, "I christen you Squeaker." I looked up into the laughing eyes of our guide, Commander Studd.

At three we set out for the Rhone glacier, mounting higher and higher all the time, till we reached this long moving river of ice, which stretches six miles by the side of the mountains. We paid one franc, and entered by means of a long tunnel called the "Ice Grotto," which runs from one side to the other. It is strange, the feeling I had when we got inside. I felt as though the whole tunnel was going to collapse on top of us, and there we would be till our bodies came out at the bottom many years later—frozen to death. I shivered slightly and was glad when we got on firm land once more.

After spending an hour or two there, we got into the cars and made our way home by the Grimsel and Brunick passes; leaving the glacier far behind, bathed in its silent and magnificent glory, surrounded by the purple mountains like grim sentinels of the night, leaving the cows peacefully grazing on the pastures.

And as I look again on that glorious sunset sending pink shadows on the mountain peaks, the picture gradually fades away: I once more see the happy children, the noisy dogs, the singing birds, the golden sun and the neat rows of houses. Everything invites me to join in the fun of this gorgeous day. I do so, but at odd moments my mind strays back to those enchanted times, to that day out amongst the silent gods of nature.

M. WILLIAMS, Upper Four.

The Beginning of Autumn.

There was a time, a very long while ago, when there was no Autumn. The trees remained green all the year round, and the leaves never fell.

Now one afternoon a very wonderful thing happened in a certain woodland place. The sun was shining brightly and as it watched the scene, it grew so interested that it forgot to go to bed that night. It stared so hard, and it made the leaves on the trees so hot that a still more wonderful thing happened. What do you think it was? Why, they grew so hot, that some turned yellow, some red, and in fact, some turned brown!

The King of the Underworld was cross because he was so hot. He was chopping trees to amuse himself. At last in a terrible rage, he took a great iron knob of the gate post, and threw it with all his might into the air.

And where do you think it fell? Right on top of the palace. The palace itself was made of iron, and as the two clanged together, it shook the trees so much, that the leaves fell to the ground, and left the trees bare. And that is where the Autumn found its place among the seasons.

JOAN BRADLEY.

Cruising in the Hebrides.

When on a visit to my Aunt in Yorkshire, I was agreeably surprised and thrilled when she suggested that she might take me on a cruise in the Hebrides.

After many weeks of suspense I learned by letter that my cabin had been booked. There was great perturbation when my family found that my cruise commenced on the thirteenth which was a Friday, and was also for thirteen days. Not being superstitious this did not worry me in the least. For weeks preparations went on and discussion as to what I should take and what I should leave, and I felt that if the realisation was anything like the anticipation, I was in for a good time. At last the great day arrived and, having persuaded my parents to start much earlier than was their desire, we arrived several hours before the boat was due to sail. We went to the quay in good time and found many passengers were already there. At last we saw the boat approaching, and how slowly, almost imperceptibly, she drew nearer and nearer.

We went on board and with difficulty found our cabins. All was hurry and bustle. Leaving Liverpool at six o'clock, we crossed the bar into a calm sea. On waking in the morning I was greeted by the sight of my towel swinging ominously backwards and forwards. Having decided that I might risk getting up, I arrived late for breakfast. Our first port of call was Ardrossan, where we picked up the Scottish passengers. On rounding the Mull of Kintyre we encountered a rough sea, and many passengers hastily disappeared below. We anchored at night at Kerrera, a little island near Oban. On Sunday, after a short service on board we landed at Loch Nevis. This consisted of one house and a kirk. Here we saw the largest freshwater lake in the British Isles. The next day, Monday, we landed at Shildaig, which is a typical old Scottish village, consisting of a few crofters' cottages and a small general stores.

On Tuesday we arrived at Gairloch, which was larger than Shildaig and has a large sized golf course, as compared with the ordinary size of golf courses in Scotland. We left here at about five o'clock and arrived at Loch Inver at about nine. We landed the next morning and walked a distance of two miles to a lovely stretch of sand, and here I enjoyed a cold bathe. On the crossing to Stornaway on the same day, Wednesday, when we had done half the distance, it was impossible to see any land. Stornaway was the furthest point north that we reached.

Stornaway is noted for two things, kippers and Harris tweed. The herrings are caught, cured and packed in boxes and are sent to the mainland on small steamers. The air all round Stornaway reeks with the smell of herrings. Harris tweed, for which the island of Lewis is noted, is pure virgin wool produced in Scotland, spun, dyed and finished in the outer Hebrides. The wool is cut from the sheep's backs and carried to the mountain burns, where it is washed in soft peaty water. The dyeing takes place in the open air and the dyes are made from all manner of roots, herbs, leaves, wild flowers and lichen. The wool is woven by crofters and the cloth is put in the open air to dry. The final drying takes place indoors in an atmosphere of peat smoke which, together with the peculiar scent of the vegetable dyes gives Harris tweed its distinctive aroma.

We were given a great send off from here. All the townsfolk, including the local band of three players, joined in it. I learnt that this was because they were only visited by about one large ship from the mainland every year. Our next port of call was Kyle of Lochalsh. We stayed here only about two hours, and this was because of a cricket match which is played annually

between the local team and a team from the boat. Needless to say the local team won as they knew all the bumps of the field. On going to Fort William we passed three small islands, Eigg, (pronounced Egg) Rum and Muck. It is a favourite legend of the surrounding islands that there was a man who was born on Eigg brought up on Rum and died on Muck. We failed, at Fort William, to see Ben Nevis owing to fog. From here we went back to Liverpool, calling on the way at Ardrossan to drop the Scottish passengers. We arrived back at Liverpool at eleven o'clock.

For anyone wishing to see life in its simplest form and at the same time to enjoy a quiet peaceful fortnight, I can thoroughly recommend this cruise.

S. K. W.

My Opinion of November 5th.

BY AN IRATE FATHER.

I think that November the fifth is a great nuisance. Fifteen shillings has gone already, to say nothing of my best suit, my second best hat, and my tennis shoes !

Even my garden is spoilt. My cabbages are trampled on and all the firewood on the bonfire, which is deposited in the middle of the lettuce and potato bed, and we need not expect any strawberries next year.

When, if ever, I get into Parliament, I hope to pass a law forbidding fireworks and guys made to look like irritated fathers to be made. Good gracious ! What are those boys up to now ? What are they writing on that card ? Why it's *Here is Father, the Guy*. The young rascals ! This is not to be borne ! Where is my cane ?

A. J. BUTT.

Jamboree!

During the summer holidays we were fortunate enough to be chosen to represent our Scout troop at the World Jamboree, held in Holland. We left these shores on a noble vessel, the *Queen of the Channel*, which departed from Tilbury, an indescribably dirty and unromantic spot, situated somewhere on the Thames Estuary. The crossing took eight hours, and included a free breakfast and dinner. We are pleased to report that, although the *Queen of the Channel* certainly did not ride the waves with a dignity befitting a queen, causing great distress to many of the passengers, we all kept in perfect health and good spirits throughout the voyage.

We arrived at the Hook of Holland in the evening, and were immediately taken to the camp-ground, where we pitched our tents and slept the sleep of the innocent. Awaking much refreshed, we cooked our own breakfast over camp-fires, and it is certainly true that hard work makes good appetites, for not a morsel was left.

The Jamboree was opened by Queen Wilhelmina, and a march-past of all the thirty thousand scouts participating in the Jamboree took place in the Arena. During the whole Jamboree different troops gave displays, in the afternoon and at night, and some of these displays were well worth watching.

Daily routine in the camp included an early morning inspection, after which time was free for all but the cooks, whose culinary duties were performed to the best of their ability, which was sometimes a very poor best! Much spare time was spent in the market, a collection of wooden shops which sold practically everything likely to be required by the scouts who thronged the place in a steady stream. In addition to the shops, there was a Post Office, a Bank, and a restaurant, which satisfied about all the needs of the cheery lads who were the chief clients.

Every day the camp newspaper was published, the *Jamboree Post*. This newspaper was written mostly in Dutch, but parts were in French and English, and it was profusely illustrated with photographs and cartoons, the work of the scouts themselves. When the legible contents of the paper had been consumed, it was customary to go to the market to obtain refreshment and a three days old copy of an English newspaper, which cost about sixpence! In the afternoon we often visited Haarlem, Amsterdam or Zandvoort. Instead of improving our minds in classical museums, we bathed in the sea or baths, and visited picture-houses which were showing English films.

We greatly regretted the closing of The Jamboree, for we had enjoyed ourselves very much indeed, and had had perfect weather. However, the best was yet to come, for the next two days were spent travelling about Holland, seeing a chocolate factory, the old fishing villages of Folendam and Marken, and the greatest loch in the world at Velsen. One thing struck us very forcibly, and that was the very great hospitality of the Dutch people. Wherever there were scouts, there were crowds of people to welcome them. As we left Folendam, practically the whole populace turned out to see us off, all in their picturesque Dutch costumes, with the big-sailed windmills in the back-

ground. On one of the canal-boats there was even a band, which played our theme-song, "Jamboree," and many other numbers, while the scouts made a very hearty accompaniment. It is strange how a song will help to shorten a long march, and every where the scouts went, there was singing and laughing.

We were very sorry to leave the land of Holland, where we spent so happy a holiday. We shall certainly never regret attending the Jamboree. As the Chief Scout wished, we made many friends among the foreign contingents, and heard them put their points of view, while we told them ours. This obviously makes for peace much more surely than does feeding a nation with knowledge, knowledge and still more knowledge, without ever considering other peoples' feelings or points of view. Which is rather a blow for those who have no use for the scout movement!!!

Scouts L. N. GREEN.

F. J. HUXLEY.

W. G. HUNT.

R. H. GAYDON.

The Cenotaph, Whitehall, London.

O, silent pile of stone,
Mid London's busy life,
Reminding men of liberty,
Of warfare and of strife.

O, men shall die and perish,
And empires fall to dust,
But the memory of heroes
Through all remains august.

Honoured by kings and princes
And men of many lands,
In the Empire's throbbing city
Her war memorial stands.

Inscribed upon thy surface,
No epitaph we need,
Save the words that are there written,
"To Britain's Glorious Dead."

COLLIER, Lower IVb.

Oxford Examinations, 1937.

HIGHER SCHOOL CERTIFICATE.

Modern Studies—H. D. Hunt (distinction in History), L. Parsons, *M. J. Rowles.

SCHOOL CERTIFICATE.

A. W. Avery (5 credits), A. Baylis (5 credits), *M. W. Butt (7 credits), M. V. Cowper (2 credits), *R. W. Down (7 credits), M. V. Findon (4 credits), *W. G. Gray (7 credits), E. J. Hawkins (5 credits), *P. R. Horseman (6 credits), *P. Houghton (7 credits), A. H. Lea (5 credits), *E. J. Lewis (6 credits), *H. G. Orme (5 credits), *F. J. Shrimpton (7 credits), *C. M. Sherwood (6 credits), R. H. Spencer (5 credits), A. F. Taylor (3 credits), *P. A. Welsby (6 credits).

* Qualification to obtain exemption from London Matriculation Examination

Debating Society.

CHAIRMAN—Miss Evans.

SECRETARY—Butt.

COMMITTEE D. Hunt, R. Stone, Parsons, Hunt i,
Whitehouse and Butt.

In spite of the cool reception which the Debating Society received in its last session, it has been decided to continue the society for this season. Although as yet no meeting has been held this term, a full meeting of the society will be called on Friday, December 3rd.

After deep consideration the Committee, which met on October 25th, resolved upon the subject that, "A Benevolent Dictatorship is more efficient than a Democracy." It may be noticed that such a subject affords every opportunity for members to voice their own personal opinions and should thus produce a keen and interesting debate. Parsons and D. Hunt support the motion, while it is opposed by Butt and P. Horseman.

While trusting that the old members will continue to attend the meetings, we extend a hearty welcome to the new members in the Upper Fourth, hoping that they will give their whole-hearted support to the Society.

M. W. B.

Stamp Club.

SECRETARIES—Parsons and Woods.

Once again the Stamp Club is strong in numbers and every Tuesday there is a meeting for exchange, or for a talk by Mr. Druller. Members of IVa, not being able to be included with the other members, have a special time allotted to them and attendance is good.

A series of competitions has been suggested by Mr. Druller to arouse a sense of philatelic neatness among the members. Thus at the beginning of next term a sheet of twenty-five stamps of one country have to be presented and will be judged, by the Society, both on the neatness of stamps and the arrangement and on the originality of presentation. Another idea given is that a form of essay should be written on any three stamps, hereby encouraging study of the stamps and the story connected with them.

L. P.

Football.

CAPTAIN—Gray.

The team was unfortunate to lose the first match of the season at Redditch, but revealed promising form in the games with Stratford. Since then the team has been rather inconsistent, chiefly owing to the lack of size among the forwards, who have found the heavier grounds a decided handicap. The defence is fairly strong, as it consists of more experienced players, and a good understanding is being developed. We have been pleased to welcome Mr. K. C. Tewkesbury, of Walsall F.C., who has visited us on two occasions in connection with the coaching scheme for Secondary Schools organised by the Football Association.

RESULTS.

- A.G.S. v. Redditch C.H.S., (away) lost 3—4.
 v. Stratford N.F.U. Juniors, (home), won 10—0.
 v. Evesham P.H.G.S., (away), lost, 0—9.
 v. Stratford N.F.U. Juniors, (away), won, 1—0.
 v. King's Norton S.S., (home), lost, 0—11.
 v. Evesham P.H.G.S., (home), lost, 2—5.
 v. Redditch C.H.S., (home), drawn, 1—1.

SIDES MATCHES

Brownies 1, Jackals 1; Brownies 3, Tomtits 2 Tomtits 4, Jackals 0.

Cricket, 1957.

Played.	Won.	Drawn.	Lost.
7	2	0	5

The following boys represented the School :—Hewlett, Down, Gray, Avery, Butt, Parsons, Smith i, Baylis, Whitehouse, Allen, Woods, Bullock, Biddle i.

Hockey.

CAPTAIN—D. Hunt.

Owing to lack of practice the season opened disastrously for the first eleven. They lost heavily to a superior team at Redditch, but since then there has been a gradual improvement, although there is still room for much more. The girls are fortunate in having at last a regular hockey and gym mistress in Mrs. Adams, whose keenness has already produced good results.

The team elected D. Hunt, captain and I. Ison, vice-captain at the beginning of the term.

Sides matches have resulted as follows :—Jackals 2; Brownies 0; Jackals 2; Tomtits 2.

RESULTS of matches played this term :

A.G.S. v. Redditch C.H.S. (away), lost, 0—18.

v. Evesham P.H.G.S. (away), lost, 1—9.

v. Old Scholars (home), lost 0—5

v. Bromsgrove C.H.S. (home) lost 1—8

H.D.H

Scouts.

SCOUTMASTER—Mr. Walker.

The School troop has now reached an unprecedented figure. Owing to the difficulty of tending to over sixty scouts at once, much scope has been given to patrol leaders and corporals in teaching newcomers and in passing them through the early stages. Towards the end of last term very keen interest was evinced in the presentation of two King's Scout badges to Gaydon and Huxley, two scouts who have become proficient in many branches of scout life.

Activity this term has been mostly in the training of those not yet second class. Points have been given regularly to each patrol on their showing both at outdoor tasks, such as trails, message-carrying, and similar races, and at indoor sports, etc., such as amateur amusements. Generally keen spirit has been shown at all times and much useful work has been done.

L. P.

For the Juniors.

Lost in the Woodland

One dark night there was a little Elf lost in a deep wood. Soon he began to cry, but, when he heard above him the soft cry, "Tu whit-tu whoo!" he stopped crying. He knew that sound.

At once he flew up to the Big Owl and said, "I do not know my way home. Which way is it?" The Owl Policeman said, "Go to the pit in the woodland, and you will see."

"Thank you," said the Elf, getting ready to fly through the tall branches of the fir trees. Off he went, and in the middle of the wood he found the pit where his winter house was, and put himself to bed. But the Owl went on his rounds in the dark, deep wood.

Whenever elf-people hear the call "Tu whit-tu-who!" they know that all is well.

BRENDA HILL.

Under the Rainbow.

One day it rained, and the sun came out and shone through the rain-curtain and turned it into a rainbow. Now some fairies crept out and saw a sign-post and it said "Rainbow Land." Then all the fairies took hands and danced underneath the arch.

Suddenly they heard a squeak! There was a mouse and it gave the eldest fairy a ribbon with all the rainbow colours on it; then the mouse bowed and ran away.

But the fairies laughed and all flew away under the rainbow.

ANNE RUTTER.

The Mischievous Elf

Once upon a time there was an elf who said he did not mind the rain in fairyland.

But one day it rained fast when he had walked two miles from home and he hadn't an umbrella.

Soon he came to a mushroom, and under it was a dormouse fast asleep.

Now the little elf could not go home in the rain, or he would get wet. So he thought of a plan. He would tear the mushroom off and hold it over himself and fly home without getting wet.

When the dormouse woke up, he found that his umbrella had gone. Then he had to run home to get his fur dry.

AUDREY VILLERS.

ALCESTER :
THE CHRONICLE OFFICE,
HIGH STREET.
